THE NEWS.

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PARIS. : : : KENTUCKY

TWILIGHT.

The Sunrise waits behind Heaven's gates,
  Unclosed of lagging Morning;
In shadows slow the world below
  Fore-greets it, self adorning.

The sweet song-bird is rising heard,
  The cold, gray light is growing,
To herald still on every hill
  The red Sun's royal flowing.

The still dark night foresees the light
  Before her heat she lends us;
And waning far, the dwindling star
  Its mystic message sends us.

In glowing pride of prospect wide
  The firmament uncloses;
And wakes to bliss with stooping kiss
  The petals of the roses.

The watch dog's sleep, serene and deep,
  Breaks on the morning's breaking,
And pillowed head that mocked the dead
  From dream to work is waking.

The sons of toil in earth's turmoil
  Come forth ere day to labor;
And lazy wealth outsleeps his health,
  To compensate his neighbor.

The world of sound springs up around,
  In murmurs waxing ever;
And wearied men are armed again,
  To face the long endeavor.

We know not, we, what this may be,
  The mystery of ages,
Which day by day writes lives away
  On unremembered pages.

But calm at least, they watch the East,
  For victory or disaster,
Who firmly hold the best the old,
  And Faith alone the Master.

—*Herman Merivale, in Spectator.*

LY YUNG, THE WOOD-CUTTER.

A Chinese Legend.

Ly Yung lived all alone in a small hut at the base of the majestic and holy mountain Tendai, the most glorious peak of the Nanlin range in China. He was a wood-cutter, and every day went into the forest on the hillside to cut wood, which he transported on the back of an ass to the city that lay a few miles below his bamboo hut on the mountain.

Although only a poor wood-cutter, Ly Yung was very tall and handsome. When he went to the market he looked nobler than the mandarins who came to buy his wood, though they wore long robes of silk and caps with silken fringes and red and blue balls, and he had on the large cotton trousers with a shirt over them, and the broad bamboo hat of the laborer. Even the stately guards who stood at the city gates were not so tall and handsome as Ly Yung the wood-cutter.

He had been carefully and piously reared, for though they had been only humble peasants, Ly Yung's father and mother had said to each other, "We will learn our son to revere the gods and to read and write, for some day he may be a kali or a mandarin." So he had been taught to read in the volumes of Confucius and Mencius, till he knew the "Conversations" and the "Five Classics" by heart. He was as virtuous as he was learned. He observed all the feast days, paid offerings at the temples, and twice a year visited the tombs of his departed parents to make sacrifices, sweep the tombstones, and clear away any weeds that had grown near them.

Ly Yung loved his occupation, and never murmured at his lot. He rose early and worked late, and a dinner of boiled rice was all he cared for. If on feast days some of the good mothers of the hamlet gave him a cup of tea or a broiled fish he felt as contented as a King. In the forest he always sung or whistled as he toiled. There were so many beautiful things in the depths of the wood; the startled deer flying through the glades, the bulbuls singing from the swaying boughs, and the flowers bursting through the sward, all spoke to Ly Yung of the joyousness of life.

He uniformily sold his bundle of wood at a good price. He was so pleasant and handsome, and withal so lively of speech, that he always found a bidder. To be sure there was not much money left after he paid for his rice and his ass' keeping, and the offerings at the tombs of his parents. But what of that, he was young and strong, and would not have exchanged his health and freedom for all the gold in the treasury of the Emperor Hwang-ti itself.

One day, however, he failed to find a purchaser for his load of wood. He remained until night in the market-place, but no buyer came. It was the first time in his life that it habpened so. The fact made him very thoughtful. As the darkness closed over the market-place the young man wearily drove his loaded ass homeward. On the way he passed the cabin of an old woman who had often befriended him.

"Good mother," he said, "I could not sell my ass' load of wood to-day. You are welcome to it, if you will give me a drink of goat's milk and a handful of rice."

"Nay, my son, thou art welcome to the rice and the goat's milk, for happily I had some left over from supper, but thy wood thou hadst better carry as an offering to the temple of the God of Plenty. If thou hast been unlucky it is thy fault; and not the gods."

Ly Yung thanked the dame for her advice, and rising early the next morning he led his ass back to the city. He did not, however, take his wood to the market-place to sell, but to the temple of the idol called the God of Plenty, where he gave it in charge to the priests.

The temple, as he entered it, was filled with an agreeable odor diffused from the burning joss-sticks set in jars of earth which were always kept lighted before the idols. On a dais beneath a canopy of crimson silk were three gigantic figures seated in arm-chairs, with large lanterns suspended before them. They were hideous-looklng monsters with double faces and misshapen bodies, but Ly Yung thought they were handsome.

He prostrated himself before the largest and most hideous one, which sat in the middle. After a short prayer he arose. On a long table beautifully carved were placed a great many jars with joss-sticks burning in them, besides several porcelain vessels filled with flowers; and what was still more remarkable, at each corner of the table was a jar filled with sticks on which characters were engraved referring to certain books hung against the wall, which are often consulted by the Chinese.

Ly Yung selected one of the sticks, and turned to the page pointed out by it. Alas! it was an unlucky throw. He made another selection, and studying the book carefully was rejoiced to find that good luck and fortune were prophesied to him. He went home with a light heart, and the next morning hurried to the woods. Though he thought himself familiar with paths, he for some reason lost his way, and wandered about all day, having his ass with him. He did not feel any concerned at this. The sun shone pleasantly, the flowers were blooming sweetly, and the birds sang most musically among the tree-tops. It was a change for him thus to be wandering about, and he enjoyed it. All at once he heard a crackling sound, and immediately a fox ran out before him and darted into the thicket again.

The wood-cutter left his ass, and started to pursue the flying animal. After running some distance he suddenly emerged into a space where two lovely ladies, seated on the ground, were engaged in playing a game of checkers. Ly Yung had never seen many handsome women, and he now stood still and gazed with all his sight at the wonderful vision of beauty before him. They were both dressed like princesses. Their trousers and robes were made of richly embroidered silk, and the last had long wide sleeves that fell over their hands. Their long, abundant hair was gathered up in a knot at the top of the head, fastened with golden bodkins and adorned with flowers, and their tiny shoes were of satin beautifully worked with gold, silver and colored silks, the soles being of rice paper, from one to two inches in thickness, and covered outside with white leather made from pig's-skin.

The players appeared to be wholly unaware of the presence of an intruder, and Ly Yung stood unnoticed for a long time. He might have stood there till this time for all we know, but for an inadvertent sneeze. No sooner did the fair players become cognizant of the presence of a third person than they vanished in a trice. The next moment the young wood-cutter stood alone in the forest, and it was fast growing dark. He rubbed his eyes to see if he was asleep or awake, and finding that he was quite awake he started to find his way back to his mule.

But it was now so dark that he could not see where he was going, and though he kept walking forward he was only going farther and farther out of his way. In the morning he was out of the forest, and at a little distance he saw a stately mansion surrounded by a high wall of blue brick, with a narrow court in front, and a spacious garden in the rear. He walked up to the outer gate, over which hung a large lantern on which was inscribed in red ink—"Ly Yung, the Valiant in War."

Ly Yung started in surprise, for this was his own name. He, however, subdued his emotions, and walked in between the tossing banners that were suspended on either side of the doorway. Just then the master of the house, a haughty-looking mandarin with red balls on his black velvet cap, came down the shaded court followed by a troop of servants, and mounted his palanquin. His roving eyes happened to rest upon the wood-cutter, and he said to his marshal: "Who is yonder fellow?"

At that Ly Yung advanced and prostrating himself said: "Venerable Prince, I am a poor wood-cutter who has lost his way. Can you direct me to the holy mountain Tendai?"

"Fellow, you are crazy!" cried the mandarin. "The glorious peak of Tendai is more than ten thousand ly away. A pretty story that you have lost your way. More likely you came to steal from my servants."

"By the name of his holy majesty, Hwang-ti, I am an honest man," cried Ly Yung, clasping his hands over his heart.

"You speak in riddles, man. Hwang-ti has been dead these hundred years, and there is a new dynasty. His Transcendent Greatness, Outi, now wears the yellow mantle."

"Hwang-ti dead!" exclaimed the wood-cutter. "Yet he was a young man like myself, and should have lived many years."

"Thou art not particularly young thyself," said the mandarin. "Hast thou been sleeping these fifty years, not to know that thou art old?"

Ly Yung put his hand to his head, and to his amazement found that it was covered with a mass of silken white hair. He also noticed what had not come under his observation before, that a long white beard covered his bosom. Dazed with wonder he stood speechless.

"Thou hast been drinking strong wine, and thy wits have left thee. Get thee hence," cried the official.

"One question, venerable Prince," cried the wood-cutter, gaining his power of speech. "Thou hast the name of Ly Yung. It is also mine. Tell me how thou camest by it."

"Thou art a strange fellow," observed the mandarin. "As for my name, I came honestly enough by it. My grandmother named me when I was born, and she gave me the name of an uncle of hers, a poor wood-cutter who, like thyself, wandered away and got lost. May be thou art the same fellow," and the mandarin pulled at his drooping moustache with a queer smile. Then beckoning to his sedan-bearers he bade them bear him onward. The wood-cutter groaned aloud, and stood in an agony of despair. He was roused from his apathy by the stern voice of the Marshal.

"Get away from here," he cried, "or I shall let the master's dogs upon you."

Ly Yung moved slowly away, with his head bent low upon his bosom.

At noon, feeling very hungry and footsore, he paused at the door of a small cottage and begged a handful of rice of an old woman who sat in the threshold weaving a fish-net.

"Why do you not go to work?" asked the dame, as he was devouring the rice she gave him.

"I would do so gladly, but there is no work I can do. I am not a tiller of the soil, but only a poor wood-cutter."

"A wood-cutter! how lucky! I have work for you to do. There is a tree in my garden that continually groans and mutters. It makes me have bad dreams. You may cut it down."

So the woman gave him an ax, and Ly Yung went into the garden and began to cut into the tree.

It was a huge bamboo, and as he worked away a voice kept constantly crying, "Let me out, oh, let me out." When the tree was felled a young lady of marvelous beauty stepped forth, and in a most musical voice thanked him for releasing her.

"What can I do to reward you?" she asked. "I am a fairy, and have no little power now that I am free. Ask any one thing that you will."

"Restore to me my youth," said the wood-cutter.

"You have your wish," replied the fairy. "If you need me more come to the mountain Tendai."

Ly Yung now journeyed back to his native village. He found the streets the same, but the houses were filled with new faces. At his hut there was living a family whom he did not know, and who when he told them it was his home laughed at him, and told him he was a driveling lunatic. They had lived there fifty years, and knew nothing of Ly Yung, the wood-cutter.

He spent several days wandering around the old places, but nothing seemed familiar to him and nobody cared anything for him. Weary and heartbroken, he at last turned his back and went into the forest. He was never heard of more, and it is believed to this day that he entered into the company of the immortal hermits and spirits of the holy mountain.—*Fred. Myron Colby, in N. Y. Examiner.*

An Arab Wedding.

Descriptions of Arab customs have so often been placed before the reading public that some apology is needed for again attempting to describe the ceremonies attending an Arab wedding. My excuse for attempting what has been so often done before must be that a wedding on a grand scale is an exceedingly rare occurrence among the Arabs of the Soudan, and, owing to the great variety of tribes represented at an Arab seaport, an unusually good opportunity was afforded of witnessing different tribal customs. The wedding I propose to describe took place in the present year of grace, 1883, at Souakin. For the benefit of those whose geography was learned some years ago, let me state that Souakin is a town situated on the Red Sea, in 19 deg. north latitude and 27 deg. east longitude, and is the chief port for the produce of the Soudan and the equatorial provinces of Egypt. The fathers of both bride and bridegroom were leading merchants in the port—the father of the bridegroom being the owner of nearly two-thirds of the island on which Souakin is built. The festivities in connection with the wedding lasted for ten days, during which time open house was kept by the bridegroom's father, music, singing and dancing being kept up night after night until dawn announced the approach of day. Each night some different tribe gave its own peculiar songs and dances, in a large shamiana which had been erected for the purpose, and all Souakin flocked to participate in or be passive spectators of the scene. Professional singers and dancers had been brought over the sea from Jeddah to assist the local talent, and the intervals between the dances were filled up with Arab love songs. The favorite musicial instrument of all Arabs is the drum, or tum-tum. This consists of a gourd or a large earthern bowl with a skin stretched over it. The Souakinese have also a sort of double flageolet, made of reeds, which makes a very shrill, though not unpleasant sound; and the Hadramut Arabs use a species of bagpipes which emit sounds productive of the most exquisite torture. The music, as a rule, is of a very monotonous character, though at times something like a quick march is struck up, which is always accompanied by the audience with a clapping of hands. Entertainments were given on successive nights, by the Bishareen Arabs, who inhabit the hill country between Souakin and the Nile on the southwest; by the Hadendoas, who dwell south near the Abyssinian frontier; by the Hadramants, who hail from the Persian Gulf, and by professional dancing girls from Jeddah, who gave several performances of the Deluka, a dance very similar to the Indian nautch. The national dance of the Bishareen Arabs is of a military character, as becomes the members of so warlike a tribe. The dancers form a circle, standing about four paces apart, so as to give space for the brandishing of their spears. They then move slowly around to the beating of the tum-tums, singing the while, and now and again halting and raising their spears high above their heads, as if about to hurl them. Gradually the music quickens, and with it the steps of the dancers; the spears whirl round the heads of the warriors at an astonishing rate, and it looks as though somebody would certainly be impaled. This continues until the dancers are tired out, when they retire, and their places are taken by another batch. They soon come up to time again, however, and about thirty of them will keep the dance going incessantly throughout the night. The dance of the Hadendoas is somewhat similar, except that they are armed with swords, and all carry round shields made of hippopotamus hide. As they get excited in the dance, they crouch and spring, and assume the most grotesque attitudes, clashing their swords and making wonderful close shaves of cutting off each other's heads. —*Belgravia.*

The Spartan Way.

He was driving out of Plainfield the other day with such a satisfied look on his face that an acquaintance hailed him with:

"Well, Uncle Billy, what's happened?"

"You know them five sons of mine?"

"Oh, yes."

"Wall, they are allus buyin' and sellin' and speculatin', and not a day passes that some one of 'em don't ask me to indorse his note."

"And of course you do?"

"No. Them boys are rather shaky, you know. But I'm going to after this. Hang it, I'm their own father, you see, and it looks kinder mean to refuse 'em. I've been down here and deeded the farm to the old woman, put a chattel mortgage on the stock, and sold off most of the tools, and now if the boys want my name on their notes I can sit down and give it to e'm like a Spartan father.—*Wall Street News.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Rochester has a horse with a mane three feet and ten inches long and a tail that sweeps the ground.—*Rochestor (N. Y.) Express.*

—A new idea at Newport is to serve watermelon in the middle of a dinner instead of at the end. It fills the guests chock full, and they can't eat so much. *Providence (R. I.) Journal.*

—The Utica (N. Y.) *Observer* says that when Boston girls get lost in the woods they dont shriek for "help!"—no, indeed. They exclaim in a high pitch, "Three ladies in this direction are in urgent need of assistance!"

—When Oscar Wilde comes to this country the Pittsburgh *Despatch* thinks it would be a public-spirited enterprise to induce him to emulate the example of the other English importation by sliding gracefully and esthetically down the rapids at Niagara.

—John Helman, of Lexington, Pa., stood in the hall cleaning his ear with the but-end of a small, stiff switch. A screen door was opened suddenly against him, which thrust the switch inside the ear, broke the drum, caused the most intense suffering, and made Helman a maniac.

—A Cincinnati firm had for years kept in a drawer all the counterfeit money received in the course of business, and the other night a burglar got in and took every cent. It is supposed the burglar will write an indignant communication to the press upon the subject as soon as he calms sufficiently to handle a pen.—*Chicago Herald.*

—A Reno saloonkeeper kept a bottle of pitch-pine splinters soaked in spirits of turpentine for the use of customers who tell the barkeeper to hang it up, but the beverage became so popular in Reno that it was considered too good for that class of customers, who are now regaled with a decoction of Truckee River water in which old gum boots have been soaked.—*Denver Tribune.*

—The Winans place, near Newport, R. I., is for sale. One of the attractions is an organ, the wind for which is supplied by a steam engine, and is three times the usual pressure. When this terrible aggregration of fog horns gets a good start it can be heard for miles out at sea. Pleasant thing for the neighbors if the new purchaser happens to be fond of such ponderous music.—*Boston Post.*

—According to Mr. John Bright, in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, forty-one families out of every one hundred families live in homes having only one room, and an additional 37 per cent in homes of only two rooms. Yet, according to Mr. Bret Harte, American Consul at Glasgow, "there is less destitution, less absolute deprivation, less misery and want in Glasgow than in her sister cities."

—A train boy may be happy. The peanut crop of Virginia is set down this year at 2,100,000 bushels, and Virginia is a generous State. There is nothing about it of the man "who hath peanuts and giveth his neighbor none." Tennessee expects to raise 250,000 bushels, and North Carolina 135,000. Peanut pastry is coming into fashion down South, the pastry being made of peanuts ground up.

—"Cricket stands on a very different footing in England from base-ball in this country," remarks the Philadelphia *Ledger*. "Every county, shire, school, and village has its cricket club, composed of amateur players, whose matches are reported in all the papers, and whose games have a local interest that can never attach to a club formed of professional players gathered from all parts of the country, and engaged to play under a name they do not represent."

—At the recent ball in Paris, Millionaire Mackey hired the King of Sweden to dance with the American ladies, paying him $1,000 an hour for the work. The Prince of Wales telegraphed for an invitation, but was refused. Several descendants of the Bonaparte family who attempted to climb in through the windows were thrown into the basin of the fountain. This information is from an account in the Nevada *Appeal*, "based on reasonableness and an intimate knowledge of Mackey."

—Steubenville, O., has had a series of catastrophies. A cow got her tail caught in a gate, and in her efforts to free herself tore a poor man's whole front fence down. The following night a mule got tangled up in a streak of lightning, and by the time he kicked himself loose the stable in which he was quartered looked like it had been interviewed by a cyclone. Subsequently there was a collision between a bicycle and a wheelbarrow, in which the bicycle and the gallant rider met with a most crushing defeat.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—It gives us great pleasure to acknowledge receipt of the drawings of Mr. Thomas A. Edison's automatic reversible fox, for which letters patent have just been issued. The invention consists of the skin of a real fox, stuffed with anise and caramels, which, by aid of a powerful electro motor, concealed in the hind legs, will lead the hounds a chase of exactly six miles and then lie down and curl up. A streamer of pulu, in imitation of a real tail, is screwed in appropriately, and may be detached and given away as a trophy. The retail price of the animal is sixteen dollars, forty extra tails included. Four of these automatic foxes are now used by the Queens County Hunt.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Two young men were clerks in their father's store. One lived in the parental house free of expense, and the other was paid a salary. The former sued for compensation, and offered to prove the value of his services by the amount paid to his brother. In this case the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia decided in favor of the father, saying that unless there is an express contract to pay a son for services where he works for his father, who is boarding and lodging him without charge, he cannot recover compensation. The law will not imply a promise to pay him, and, if a recovery could be had, what was paid to the brother would be no evidence of his services' value.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A lady stopping at Yates, Orleans County, N. Y., who was in the Carlyon disaster has such a dread of railroads that she made an offer of $1,000 to anyone who would take her home in a carriage, the distance to her home being 1,000 miles.—*Chicago Times.*

The Robin.

See him throw out his chest and rear back! Oh, he is a proud fellow indeed! quite in contrast with his more modest mate; but, after all, his is a pardonable pride. Possessed of such a well-knit figure, fine head, and erect carriage, who can blame him if he exhibits a trifling conceit? His is a familiar figure on our lawns, now hopping quickly along and now running swiftly, pausing after each dash and rearing up to look around. See him as he makes another swift run of a few feet, then bend eagerly forward, appearing to listen intently. Suddenly he darts his bill down, and with the aid of the glasses, we see him drag a long earth-worm from out the grass roots. I have never been able to determine with any satisfaction to myself whether it is his sense of hearing or sight which guides him to his food; his attitude of intense attention for a moment before darting on his prey would seem to indicate that the former was the case, but again he may be only watching intently, as it is possible that the squirming of the worm, as he pushes his way to the surface, may cause a tremor among the blades of grass, not visible to our coarser vision, but easily perceptible to our little lynx-eyed friend. At all events, there is a moment's pause each time before the final lunge, which almost invariably results in a capture. If the tender morsel happens to be an extra large one, it is amusing to see him "freshen his grip," as it were, and back off, until stretched to its utmost, out comes the worm, and its wriggling length appears for an instant only, as redbreast unceremoniously gulps him down.

Our friend is fond of living near us, and builds almost anywhere, in maple, elm, spruce, on the lawn, in the orchard, or, in fact, in the most convenient spot he may chance upon. The location, however, once selected for his nest, he will often occupy year after year. High or low seems to make little difference. As to materials for his nest, he is not over particular. Though formed chiefly of wisps of hay and dry grasses, its make-up will often contain bits of paper, string, hair, and always a quantity of mud, seemingly intended to give it stability. The interior is carefully lined with soft warm fibres of bark, hair and grass, and great attention is paid to this part of the work. His temper, I am sorry to say, is not altogether as lovely as his appearance. When a family jar occurs among the feathered inhabitants in his vicinity, although they may not be of his own kind, you will see him streak off for the scene of the rumpus, to mingle his angry notes in the general roar. He is a kind husband, though, and ever on the alert to protect his family. His shrill cry of distress will summon all of his companions within hearing, and their united efforts will often disconcert and drive away feline intruders, to say nothing of crows, black-birds, and other egg-sucking, nest-destroying vermin. Should he have the good fortune to discover an owl, he is supremely happy and will join with the sparrows in raising such a din about the poor thing's ears as to put it ignominiously to flight. A good songster, he is at his best during the breeding season, and it is a surprise to many, who are familiar only with his ordinary monotonous cry of "bob! bob! bob!" to hear him launch into such an ecstacy of song, often insisting that he cannot be the performer. He is capable of a great deal in the musical line at this season, however. At the bath he is inclined to domineer over others who may be in possession on his arrival, and I have noticed with interest that the English sparrow moves off at once on his appearing, or is forced to leave, often in spite of noisy expostulation. He will wash in company, provided he is not crowded; but if this happen, he at once clears the board.

In the autumn his whole nature changes; congregating in large flocks, he becomes exceedingly shy and difficult of approach, and at this season is a favorite object of pursuit with the swarms of pot-hunters who infest our neighborhood. A great deal has been said in regard to his destruction of fruit. True, he will eat the cherries, and by the by, he is a connoisseur as regards the cherry, and we boys always used to select those that bore his mark as being the most luscious. He affects the strawberry also to some extent, and occasionally varies his menu with a fine grape or two, but the damage he does is light compared to that inflicted by others, the imported nuisance for instance. It may be that he causes wholesale destruction in some sections, as is written of him, but I cannot believe all of it, and I am rather inclined to think that if pains were taken to carefully observe, the greater part of the sins of which the pretty fellow is accused would be brought home to "some other man."—*Forest and Stream.*

The Use of a Dry Well.

There are certain household wastes, which cannot be fed to the poultry or pigs, cannot be burned, and will not decay on the compost heap. These, in a country place, where the cart of the city scavenger is unknown, will accumulate: The articles we refer to are old fruit cans; tinware, past mending; saucepans, which a crack has rendered useless; old bottles and leaky stoneware jugs and jars. These and others will accumulate, and a proper regard for neatness forbids following a too common custom of throwing them into the road. If a rubbish heap is established in an out of the way place, enterprising boys will find it and scatter its accumulations. There is but one effective way to dispose of rubbish of this description—bury it. A dry well is a useful adjunct to every neatly kept country place, be it large or small. In an out of the way corner dig a well or pit, cover it with pieces of plank too heavy for the children to remove, and drop into this all kinds of indestructible rubbish. When this well, which need be but a few feet deep, is partly filled, dig another near by, using the earth taken out to cover the rubbish in well number one. This effectually disposes of the unsightly accumulations of rubbish, while the amount of labor required is not large, and the incidental drainage afforded may be beneficial.—*American Agriculturist.*

—In Boston they call a vacation an outing.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—The New York *Tribune* says that any plant which crowds a better one is a weed of the worst sort.

—Hen-roosts should not be placed too high, and a standing plank with slats should be provided for an "elevator."

—It is folly to turn under weeds that have gone to seed, for the seeds of most weeds, no matter how deeply buried, will retain their vitality and make rapid growth so soon as they are brought near the surface.—*Exchange.*

—The skin of a boiled egg is said to be the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.—*The Household.*

—"R. M. L."—Choose the dryest spot of ground that you can find for your chicken house. Dampness is fatal to the health of fowls. If you have no convenient side-hill or naturally dry ground, select your spot and make it dry by artificial means.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Corn fritters, or "oysters," as some humbug-loving cooks call them, are now in season. To six ears of grated corn add one well-beaten egg, a little salt, and a teaspoonful of sweet milk, with enough flour to make it a stiff batter. Drop in hot lard, and fry a delicate brown.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A correspondent of the *Farmer's Review* has practiced during several winters the plan of keeping apples in dry sand, poured into filled barrels after storing in the cellar, and finds it 'a decided improvement on any other plan ever tried," the fruit remaining till late Spring "as crisp and apparently as fresh as when first gathered." He treats potatoes in the same manner, using the sand year after year.

—A beautiful tidy for the back of a large chair is made of a square piece of cloth about ten inches each way; on this is sewed patchwork of plush and velvet in the form of a wide-spread fan. The corners of the block are of black velvet, and on top, drooping over the fan, is a spray from a moss-rose bush, in ribbon embroidery. The edge is finished with lace. This design is pretty for a block in a quilt or sofa-pillow.—*N. Y. Post.*

—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* tells how he suceeded in keeping clover hay in stack: "Make good long ricks, widening all the way from the ground to as high as you want to build. Then fill the center up until the sides slope just like the rafters of a house. The rick can be roofed over, like shingling a house, by beginning at the eaves, with old hay, straw, cornfodder, or by freshly-cut timothy. When the rick has been carefully widened from the ground up to the eaves, and then carefully covered over in the manner mentioned, clover hay will keep nicely for any length of time."

Breeds From American Crosses.

Under the above heading, the *Breeders' Gazette* takes a position that it seems to us is the right one regarding the breeding of animals in this country. While it recognizes the good qualities possessed by imported animals, it does not ignore real merit in those which are now native to our own soil and climate. It admits that "what we call the common or native stock, especially of horses and cattle, in many sections have acquired remarkable fitness for their environment. There are many "scrub" common horses and cows in this country, but there are also many excellent, hardy, intelligent, every way useful animals without any claim to belong to any of the recognized imported breeds. This is notably true of the 'general purpose' horse and the cow suited for those farmers who wish to give large but not exclusive attention to dairying.

Naturally, there is much crossing of these animals with pure breeds. It is quite in the possibilities that intelligent effort might produce an improvement of these 'common stock' animals which would give a given locality a variety really better than any of the now recognized breeds." This is exactly the ground that the *New England Farmer* has taken. We believe it is safe to assert that not more than one in five or ten ordinary farmers have had sufficient training and experience to enable them to take any one of the high-priced pure breeds, and make a success of the business of breeding and selling stock. Even among those wealthy fanciers, who are not compelled to get their money back in order to pay their debts, it is doubtful if one in four could show a satisfactory balance sheet in their business.

There is a large element of risk in breeding animals, all the way from a common chicken up to a Maud S. colt. There are a great many more blanks than prizes. But it is a perfectly legitimate business, one that is open to all, and not without reasonable hope, provided one does not wade in too deeply before learning to swim. There are very few herds of cows in the country that are nearly so perfect that it would not be desirable to improve them. Most herds might be improved by the use of better males, and the improved breeds are now so widely disseminated through the country that it does not require a very heavy outlay, nor any excessive risk to procure a better bull than the average native stock commonly produces. A good bull calf a week or two old, from almost any of the choice popular breeds, can be purchased for an average price not exceeding twenty-five dollars. A great many bull calves from very excellent pure bred cows are given away every year or sold to the butchers for veal. Better ones in some hands might be cheaper at fifty dollars, but even these cheaper ones, which are sold or given away because their owners have no use for them, would improve many of our common herds, while the risk would be no greater than from the use of the most common of ordinary stock. We would have every farmer breed from the best animals he has, and use the best males he can afford to procure, but we can not join in the advice given by some writers, to discard all of our native animals as being entirely unworthy of use.—*New England Farmer.*

—Always behind hand—The wrist. Always afoot—The twelve inch rule. Always ahead—The source of a river. *Boston Star.*